

GOLD
KEY

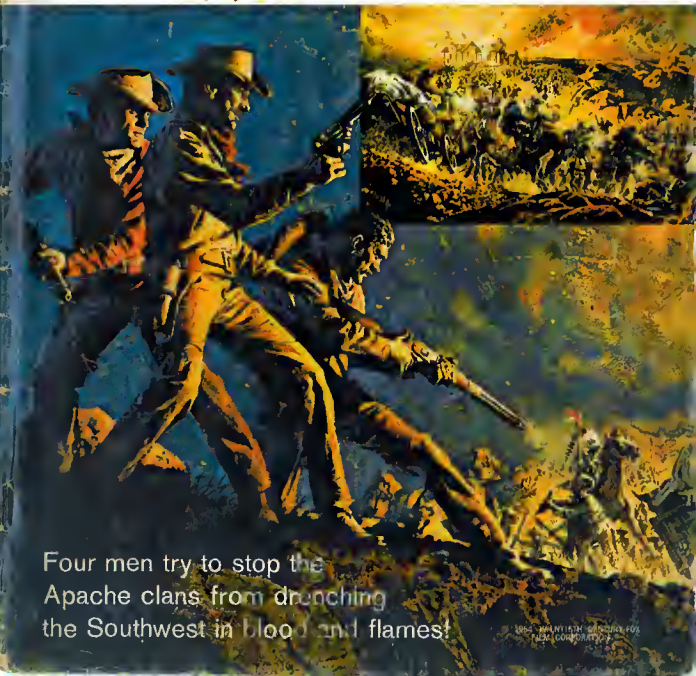
RIO CONCHOS

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RIO CONCHOS

RICHARD
BOONE



Four men try to stop the
Apache clans from drenching
the Southwest in blood and flames!

1962 WALTON & GORDON FOR
FOX FILM CORPORATION

20th CENTURY-FOX

presents

RICHARD BOONE

STUART WHITMAN TONY FRANCIOSA

in

"RIO CONCHOS"

Co-starring

JIM BROWN WARNER ANDERSON

Introducing

WENDE WAGNER

Also starring

EDMUND O'BRIEN

as "Pardee"

Produced by DAVID WEISBART

Directed by GORDON DOUCLAS

Screenplay by JOSEPH LANOON and CLAIR HUFFAKER

CinemaScope

Color by DeLuxe



Four men, with a wagonload of gunpowder, go on a vital mission to stop the man who plans to sell stolen rifles to Apaches.



They head for Mexico, and the gun-runner's headquarters. Bandidos ambush them but their guns are too quick for the outlaws.



At the Rio Grande, Texas Rangers won't let their cargo cross on the ferry. They start a gunfight in town to divert the Rangers.



Three of them reach the objective, a camp of die-hard Confederates on the Rio Conchos. They claim to want to sell their gunpowder.



One man's hatred of Apaches betrays them. In Indian hands, their chances of living to complete their mission seem hopeless.

RIO CONCHOS

THE YEAR IS 1867. BY THE TEXAS-MEXICO BORDER, A SILENT APACHE BAND IS HOLDING A FUNERAL CEREMONY. DURING THE MEDICINE MAN'S INCANTATION, A CARBINE IS RAISED ON THE RIDGE ABOVE. IT SWINGS TOWARD THE BURIAL PARTY. THEN IT FIRES...



AGAIN AND AGAIN, THE CARBINE BLAZES! EVERY SHOT IS FATAL...



OWW!

BLAM!

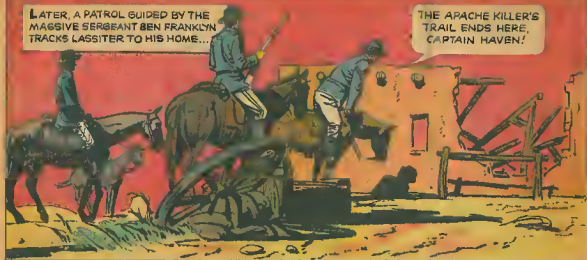
THEN THERE IS SILENCE, AS JIM LASSITER SURVEYS HIS GRIM WORK! BUT INSTEAD OF SATISFACTION, A SUGGESTION OF PAIN FILLS HIS TROUBLE-HAUNTED FACE...



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LATER, A PATROL GUIDED BY THE MASSIVE SERGEANT BEN FRANKLYN TRACKS LASSITER TO HIS HOME...

THE APACHE KILLER'S TRAIL ENDS HERE, CAPTAIN HAVEN!



YOU IN THERE!
ON YOUR FEET--
HANDS HIGH!

YOU'RE ON MY
LAND--GET OFF!



I DON'T KNOW WHAT KIND OF A
CRAZY BUTCHER YOU ARE, BUT THAT
WAS NO WAR PARTY YOU BUSHWHACKED!

THEY WERE
APACHES,
WEREN'T
THEY?



A SPENCER FIVE-
TWO-- THE NEW,
EIGHT SHOT
REPEATER! THE
COLONEL WILL BE
INTERESTED IN
SEEING THIS GUN
WHEN WE BRING
YOU BACK UNDER
ARREST!

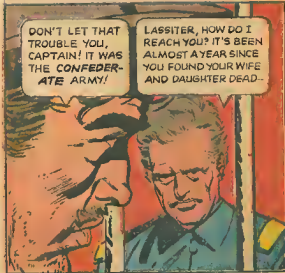


SOON, THE GUARDHOUSE DOOR AT
FORT DAVIS SWINGS SHUT...

LASSITER! YOU
ARE ALIVE,
AMIGO! FROM
THE RUMORS
AMONG THE
INDIANS, I THINK
YOU ARE ONLY
AN EVIL SPIRIT!

SO YOU WERE TRADING
WITH THE INDIANS, ROD-
RIGUEZ! IS THAT WHAT
YOU'RE IN HERE FOR?

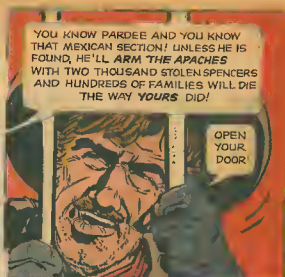






WHERE DID
YOU GET THIS
SPENCER?

WHAT'S SO IMPORTANT
ABOUT THAT GUN? I BOUGHT
IT IN PRESIDIO, ACROSS THE
BORDER, FROM A MAN
NAMED THERON PARDEE--
MY LAST COMMANDING
OFFICER!



YOU KNOW PARDEE AND YOU KNOW
THAT MEXICAN SECTION! UNLESS HE IS
FOUND, HE'LL **ARM THE APACHES**
WITH TWO THOUSAND STOLEN SPENCERS
AND HUNDREDS OF FAMILIES WILL DIE
THE WAY **YOURS** DID!

OPEN
YOUR
DOOR!



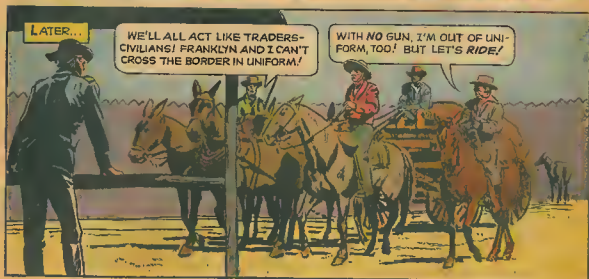
THEN,
YOU'LL
LOOK FOR
PARDEE

I'M NOT PROM-
ISING I'LL FIND
HIM! HE COULD
BE IN THE HILLS
BY NOW! BUT
I'LL GO, IF
YOU'LL LET
RODRIGUEZ
JOIN ME! HE
KNOWS THE
AREA BETTER
AND SPEAKS
SPANISH AND
APACHE!



BUT HE'S
TO BE TRIED
FOR MURDER!

THAT'S WHY I'M SURE
HE'LL **VOLUNTEER** FOR
THIS LITTLE RIDE INTO
MEXICO!



LATER...

WE'LL ALL ACT LIKE TRADERS-
CIVILIANS! FRANKLYN AND I CAN'T
CROSS THE BORDER IN UNIFORM!

WITH NO GUN, I'M OUT OF UNI-
FORM, TOO! BUT LET'S RIDE!



PUT OUT
THAT
MATCH!

SI, SI! BUT
WHY ARE YOU
SO ALARMED,
AMIGO?



BUT CAPTAIN HAVEN DOES NOT ANSWER!
WITH JIM LASSITER LEADING, THEY PUSH
ON INTO THE BORDER HILLS AND LATER...

WE'VE GOT
COMPANY--
BANDITOS!

SI! I
COUNTED
SIX!



BUT A
MOMENT
LATER,
ONLY A
SINGLE
MAN
APPEARS...

BUENOS DIAS!
WHERE YOU
GO, AMIGO?



BOUND FOR PRESIDIO! BUT I'M
BEGINNING TO FIGURE WE LOST OUR
WAY! MAYBE YOU COULD PUT US ON
THE RIGHT TRACK! WE'D BE OBLIGED!



SAY! NOW
WHERE'D THEY
COME FROM?

POOF! JUST LIKE THAT--
BIG SURPRISE, EH?



I'LL
SAY!

AND POOF! NOW MORE
SURPRISE-- YOU WATCH!





FROM THE COVER OF A CAVE ABOVE
THE SIXTH MAN OPENS FIRE...



WHERE
IS--

KEEP DOWN!--
I SEE HIM!



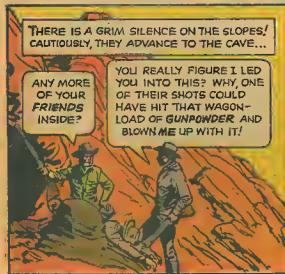
OWW!



THERE IS A GRIM SILENCE ON THE SLOPES!
CAUTIOUSLY, THEY ADVANCE TO THE CAVE...

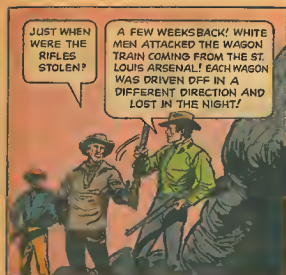
ANY MORE
OF YOUR
FRIENDS
INSIDE?

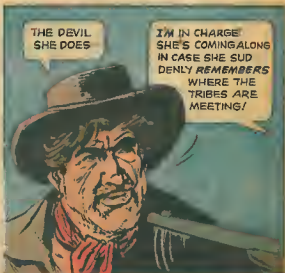
YOU REALLY FIGURE I LED
YOU INTO THIS? WHY, ONE
OF THEIR SHOTS COULD
HAVE HIT THAT WAGON-
LOAD OF GUNPOWDER AND
BLOWN ME UP WITH IT!

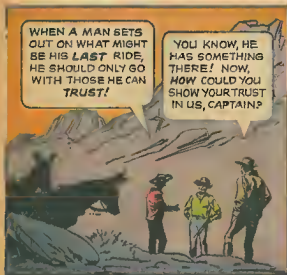


THE MAN UP HERE
WAS WEARING PART OF
THE SAME UNIFORM YOU
HAVE--AND THIS IS
ANOTHER OF THE
STOLEN SPENCERS!

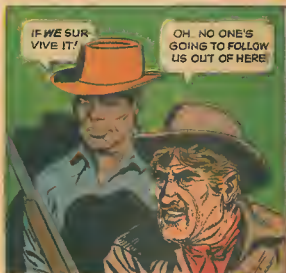




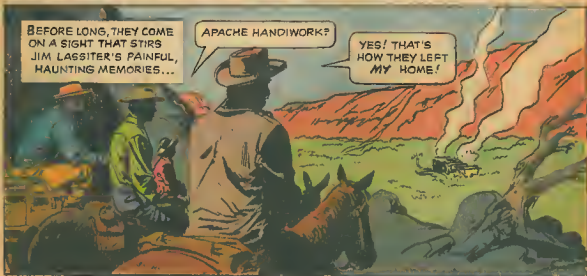




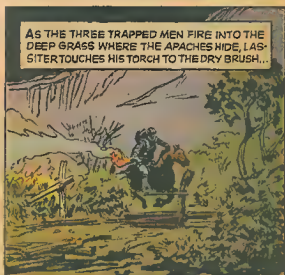
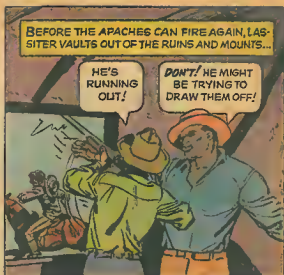












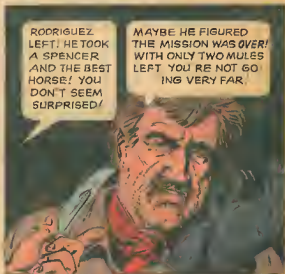




NEXT MORNING WHEN LASSITER COMES TO

THINK YOU
CAN CONTROL
YOUR FEELINGS?

CUT ME FREE
AND LET'S
FIND OUT!



RODRIGUEZ
LEFT! HE TOOK
A SPENCER
AND THE BEST
HORSE! YOU
DON'T SEEM
SURPRISED!

MAYBE HE FIGURED
THE MISSION WAS OVER!
WITH ONLY TWO MULES
LEFT YOU'RE NOT GO-
ING VERY FAR.



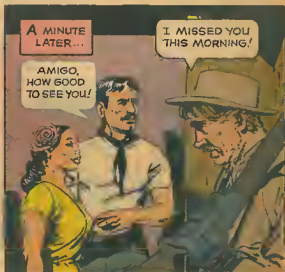
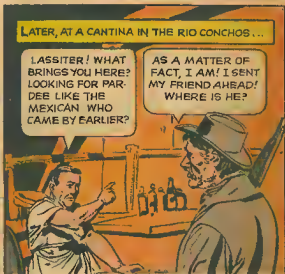
MAYBE YOU
WANT OUT, TOO?

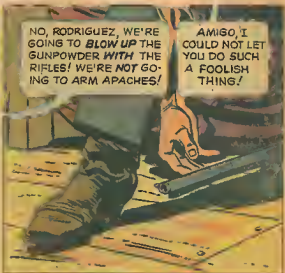
I SAID I'D
FIND PARDEE!

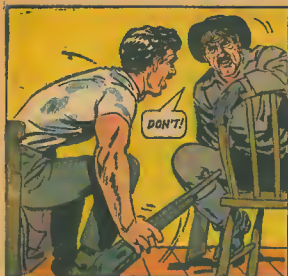


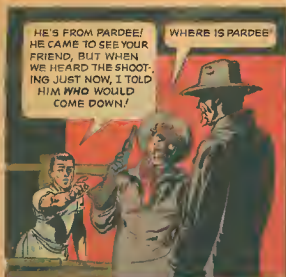
IS SHE
STILL
HERE?

YES! SHE BURIED
THE WOMAN HER-
SELF LAST NIGHT!
SHE'S BEEN ROCK-
ING BY THE GRAVE
AS IF SHE LOST A
FRIEND! I THINK
EVEN SHE IS FED
UP WITH ALL THIS
BLOODSHED!









FINALLY, THEY RIDE INTO A WELL-ORGANIZED ARMY CAMP WHERE DIE-HARD REMNANTS OF CONFEDERATE FORCES, TWO YEARS AFTER THE SURRENDER, STILL FIGHT THE WAR...



A MINUTE LATER...

JAMES MY BOY: HOW NICE TO SEE YOU! A MIRACLE ISN'T IT? THE RIO CONCHOS IS THE MISSISSIPPI AND THIS IS LIKE MY OLD PLANTATION BACK HOME!

YES--WHEN IT'S COMPLETED, I'M SURE IT WILL BE!



I HOPE YOU'VE COME TO JOIN US! YOU WERE THE SECOND BEST IN COMMAND ANYONE EVER HAD! TOMORROW--ON THE SECOND ANNIVERSARY OF LEE'S SURRENDER, WE **BEGIN AGAIN!** DO YOU KNOW WHY WE LOST? BECAUSE WE WEREN'T SUFFICIENTLY **RUTHLESS!**



HERE'S PARDEE'S HEADQUARTERS. I'LL ANNOUNCE YOU!



TOMORROW, I WILL DISPATCH A THOUSAND MOUNTED MEN, ARMED WITH THE NEWEST SPENCERS! THIS CAVALRY FORCE IS RUTHLESS--THEY ARE ALL APACHES!



I CAN DELIVER SOMETHING THAT WILL MAKE THOSE RIFLES EVEN MORE EFFECTIVE --

YOU MEAN YOUR WAGON LOAD OF GUN POWDER?



IF YOU WILL, THAT MEANS MUCH. BUT WHY SHOULD HE WANT TO HELP OUR SACRED CAUSE?

ALL I WANT, SIR, IS THE MONEY!



WITH A SMILE, PARDEE LEADS THE SURPRISED LASSITER OUTSIDE...

MY PATROL PICKED THEM UP.

THEY'RE BOTH DESERTERS--AND GOOD FIGHTING MEN! I'LL VOUCH FOR THEM!



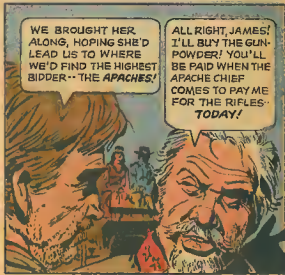
THE GIRL SAYS THEY CAME TO THE HIGH PLACE WHERE OUR SCOUTS WERE WATCHING--AND KILLED THEM ALL OFF!

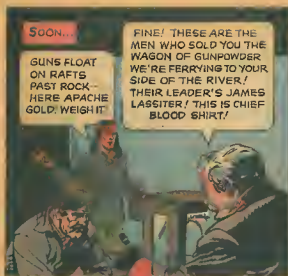
THE SHOOTING STARTED BEFORE I REALIZED ANY OF YOUR MEN WERE WITH THE BANDITS!



WE BROUGHT HER ALONG, HOPING SHE'D LEAD US TO WHERE WE'D FIND THE HIGHEST BIDDER--THE APACHES!

ALL RIGHT, JAMES! I'LL BUY THE GUN-POWDER! YOU'LL BE PAID WHEN THE APACHE CHIEF COMES TO PAY ME FOR THE RIFLES--TODAY!





TURNED OVER TO BLOOD SHIRT BY PARDEE, LASSITER, AND HIS COMPANIONS ARE FERRIED OVER THE RIVER AND BOUND...

LET THE PONIES RUN.



...AND SUBJECTED TO APACHE JUSTICE...



A LOOK OF COMPASSION FILLS THE GIRL'S FACE, AS THE HELPLESS MEN ARE TORMENTED BY THE JEERING APACHES...



AS THE MERCILESS ORDEAL ENDS THE HORSES ARE LED INTO A CORRAL...



WITH NEXT SUN, I BE BACK-- BUT THAT LAST SUN YOU SEE!



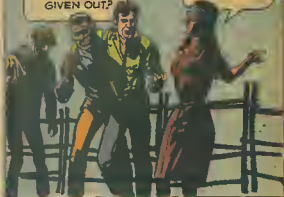
WHEN NIGHT COMES CAPTAIN HAVEN'S
TWISTED LEG THROBS WITH PAIN! THE
RESTLESS PONIES CONTINUE TO DRAG THE
MEN BACK AND FORTH WHEN SUDDENLY...



QUICKLY, THE OTHERS ARE FREED...

THANKS, HAVE
THE GUNS-- BEEN
GIVEN OUT?

BLOOD SHIRT
GIVE OUT NOW!



WHERE?

COME!
BUT
QUIET!



CAUTIOUSLY THEY INCH
THEIR WAY UP THE LONE TRAIL
TO THE RIVER CLIFFTOP...



THEN, A ROCK IS LOOSENED...

WHO IS
THERE?





AH! AN APACHE
MUCHACHA!



AS THE GIRL KEEPS THEIR ATTENTION
FRANKLYN AND LASSITER MOVE QUICKLY...

OWW!

AIEE!



THEN THEY SAZE DOWN...

SHE'S RIGHT! BLOOD
SHIRT IS PASSING OUT
THE RIFLES NOW!



THEY'VE KEPT
THE GUNPOWDER
WAGON AWAY
FROM THE FIRE!
WITH A SUITABLE
DIVERSION, THE
FUSE ON THE
WAGON COULD
BE LIT!

WITH
WHAT
HAVEN?



WHEN YOU CARRY GUNPOWDER AND HAVE
A FUSE ALL FIXED TO SET IT OFF, YOU
NATURALLY BRING ALONG MATCHES! IF YOU
WILL DO THE LIGHTING, I'LL
CREATE THE DIVERSION!

YOU'LL BE
A GENERAL
YET!

AS LASSITER AND FRANKLYN CRAWL FOR THE WAGON, THE GIRL HELPS HAVEN MAKE HIS AGONIZING WAY DOWN.



MINUTES LATER, HE COLLAPSES BY A HOGAN! HE GESTURES TOWARDS A COOKING FIRE AND THE GIRL MOVES OBEDIENTLY



TOMORROW, THE SECOND ANNIVERSARY OF OUR IN-GLORIOUS DEFEAT WILL BE REDEEMED IN BLOOD!



THEN, SUDDENLY, THE HOGANS BURST INTO FLAMES...



THERE'S OUR DIVERSION BEN! GET THE WAGON ROLLING!

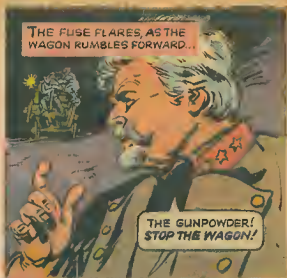
BUT THE HEAVY WAGON WON'T BUDGE! THE POWERFUL SERGEANT TRIES TO PULL INSTEAD OF PUSH, STRAINING IN A FINAL DESPERATE EFFORT...





SH-SHE'S
MOVING!

CLIMB ON
AND STEER HER
I'LL LIGHT THE
FUSE!



THE FUSE FLARES, AS THE
WAGON RUMBLES FORWARD...

THE GUNPOWDER!
STOP THE WAGON!



BANG!

BLAM!



IN PURE PANIC, PARDEE'S MEN BLAZE BACK

YOU'RE
HIT!

I STILL--CAN--
FIRE--STEER--FOR
THE GUN CRATES



OWW!

FRANKLYN!

BUT FRANKLYN'S DEAD HANDS HOLD TRUE...



CRASH!



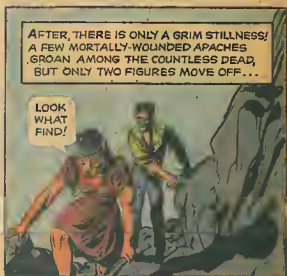
BWOOM!

THEN, THE WHOLE CANYON
ROCKS WITH EXPLOSIVE ROARS...



WHOOOM!
BOOOOM!

AFTER, THERE IS ONLY A GRIM STILLNESS!
A FEW MORTALLY-WOUNDED APACHES
GROAN AMONG THE COUNTLESS DEAD,
BUT ONLY TWO FIGURES MOVE OFF...



LOOK
WHAT
FIND!

SMASHED! LET IT BE
A SIGN THAT THE BLOODY
BATTLING BETWEEN OUR
PEOPLE IS SMASHED
AS WELL!



RIFLES

Buffalo hunters of the old West used the "Big Fifty" Sharps rifle! A single-shot rifle, it fired one and a half times as much lead as an Army rifle so it could stop a buffalo on the first shot!



OF THE

The Spencer was the favorite among cavalry troopers! The trigger guard opened the breech, ejecting the empty cartridge! A seven-shot magazine made it a repeating rifle!



OLD

The Henry was a .44 caliber lever-action rifle that could take a fifteen-shot magazine! Although not too powerful, it was accurate up to a thousand yards!



WEST

By 1873, the finest repeating rifle came along—the Winchester 1873! Its steel barrel was sturdy and accurate and it fired fifteen shots, quickly making it the favorite rifle of the Old West!



